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BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

Black Wings had just brought Nannie the good news about her husband.

Nannie slipped off the straw stack and went to where Billy Junior, his wife Daisy, and their twins were asleep at the foot of a haystack in the barnyard.

"Why, mother! Are you ill?" asked Billy Junior, when he awoke and saw her standing over him.

"No, dear. But I have such good news for you that I could not wait for you to awaken, but had to come and tell you. Hurry and get your eyes open and see who is here!"

"Not father, surely?"

"No; but an old friend who has brought news of him."

Billy Junior rubbed his face against his foreleg to get the sleep out of his eyes, so he could see who was there. At first he looked and looked, but saw no one. He was looking on the ground, and Black Wings was perched on the tongue of an old farm wagon not ten feet away. When he saw the blank expression on Billy Junior's face, he crawled to show him where he was.

"Black Wings!" Billy exclaimed when he saw him. "How glad I am to see you once again! You should be called White Wings instead of Black Wings, as you always bring such bright, cheerful news. Mother says you have good news for us. I can guess that it must be from father."

"You are right; it is. He is sound and well, and is coming to see you just as fast as his four

legs can carry him. And Stubby and Button are with him. He sent me on ahead to tell you that he would like to have you, your mother, wife and the twins join him in Chicago. You will have plenty of time to get there, as they are away down east yet, in the state of New York. But though they are farther away from Chicago than you are, they can travel faster than you can, having the twins with you."

But how shall we ever be able to find him in such a large city as Chicago?" asked Nannie.

Off to Chicago

"He has instructed me to tell you to meet him in Lincoln Park, for should you arrive first, that will be an interesting place to wait, as there are all the wild animals to talk to and plenty of good green grass in the park to eat, and cool, clear water to drink, as it borders on Lake Michigan."

"What are you talking about?" asked one of the twins. "Going on a journey? We want to go, too."

"We both want to go!" piped up the other twin. "We haven't been off this old stupid farm for ages, and I am crazy to go on a journey and talk to all the little lambs and goats along the road."

"Keep still, children! Don't you see Mr. Black Wings is telling us what grandfather wants us to do?"

Black Wings continued the instructions sent by Billy, and they hastily prepared for the journey. After numerous hardships and accidents of all kinds, the Billy Whiskers family arrived in Lincoln Park. The first thing they

did was to go straight to the bathing beach to wash the stains of travel off their coats before visiting the animals.

Get There Early
They reached the park three days before Billy could possibly have gotten there, and they were proposing to pass the time until his arrival by sightseeing and talking to the animals in the cages, but they came near being captured and shut up the very first day they were there. It happened in this way:

When they reached the beach there were only a few people in the water and lying on the sand, as it was too early in the day for the crowd, though those who were there made up in noise and fun for those who were not.

The lifeguards were lazily lounging in their boats away from shore when they heard an angry scream from some woman in the water. They thought some one must be annoying her, but on looking up they saw her swimming for shore as fast as she could go, while on the sand stood three black goats and two white ones beside a 2-year-old baby lying on a shawl, kicking and screaming. Over it stood a small goat with the baby's bottle dangling from its mouth as it chewed the rubber tubing, while the other young goat was eating some sweet cakes it had found in a bag, and one of the old goats was licking the baby's forehead. That was Daisy, the Twins' mother. She meant no harm, as this was the way of kissing her little baby. Daisy loved babies, and she thought this would quiet this little child. Billy Junior tried to get the bottle away from the Twin to give back to the baby so it would not cry.

Is Reproved
"Aren't you ashamed of yourself for taking the baby's bottle away from it!" reproved Nannie.

"But I was thirsty and wanted a drink of milk!"

"Never mind if you did. You should not take it away from a tiny baby."

"He isn't very tiny! Just hear how he yells!"

By this time the baby's mother had reached the spot and was throwing stones and sand at the goats while she tried to pacify the baby.

As the goats saw the lifeboat head for the shore they thought they had better disappear, knowing that the minute the men beached the boat they would be after them.

So they raced into the park and hid themselves behind some lilac bushes. Daisy said:

"I really don't see why you children don't behave. You have done nothing but get into mischief and cause us trouble ever since we left home. I wish we had not brought you! Any one would think you never had any bringing up. And now to try to take a sweet little baby's dinner away from it! I am ashamed of you! Besides, now none of us can take a bath on that nice sandy beach. We shall have to find another place, which won't be very easy, since the lifeguards have seen us."

"I know where there is a nice little lake, mamma," piped up one Twin. "I saw it as we came along—right over there where you see that high bridge."

"Very well. We will all go over there, for we feel very dirty and tired. It will both clean us and rest us to have a nice cool bath."

So the goats all trotted over to one of the lagoons in the park, which the Twin had called a lake, and they plunged into the water. They had a fine time and enjoyed themselves, much to the discomfort of some stately swans that were greatly upset to have strange goats come dashing into their private place. They began to hiss, which set all the ducks to quacking and the sea lions to barking.

"I guess he thinks we are a kind of duck!"

"Let's baa at him, and tell him what an old gosse he is," said the other.

Billy Hit on Head
When the goats did not leave the water or pay any attention to him, the guard began throwing stones at them. At last one hit Billy Junior on the head. This was too much for him. The guard might throw stones all he wished, but nitting Billy Junior, with often was quite another thing. He wheeled and swam for shore, going straight for the guard, who stood still, not knowing Billy Junior was bent on hitting him.

Indeed Billy Junior did butt the guard so hard he sent him flying over the high iron fence that surrounds the sea lions' pool and rock cave where they lived. He fell ker-splash into the water, astride a papa sea lion as he went swimming round and round his rock home. When the sea lion felt something alight on his back he dove to the bottom of the pool in a flash, taking the guard with him. [We shall hear next time what happens to the poor guard.]

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When France recently helped Anatole France celebrate his eightieth birthday he was delighted with congratulations by mail, telegraph and word of mouth. "And to think," said the famous writer, "with all these felicitations and wishes for a long life, no one so much as thought of sending a little monkey to rejuvenate me!"



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CHURCH NOTES

FIRST BAPTIST

J. Whitfield Green, Pastor.
Sunday school, 9:45 a. m. A. G. Solomon, superintendent. "A stitch in time saves nine."

Morning service, 11 o'clock. Subject, "Just a Grain of Wheat." Evening service, 7:30 o'clock. In honor of some of our young men and women who will leave for school and college soon, the Baptist Young People's Union will conduct the regular services Sunday evening. It will be an hour of prayer, praise and testimony, everyone taking part that desires to honor their Christ in this public service.

Wednesday evening, prayer meeting. Splendid attendance last week. The Sunday school picnic held at Orange County Park Labor Day was a big success, 115 attending and enjoying the games and the good things to eat.

METHODIST

J. Walter Morris, Pastor.
Sunday school, 9:45 a. m. Morning service, 11 o'clock.

Evening service, 7:30 o'clock. Dr. Morris on "The Ten Commandments." There will be old-fashioned songs, with special by the choir and a solo by Lloyd Brennan. "Teach Me to Pray" (Jewett). Mrs. Arthur L. Strable of Los Angeles will sing "Oh, Dry Those Tears" (Bozell), with violin obligato by Mrs. Grace M. Kroeker. The public is cordially invited.

The music of last Sunday night was commented on very kindly. Miss Teal's playing brought hearty applause and words of praise. Next Sunday night will be worth while.

CATHOLIC

Father Reardon, Pastor.
Mass will be celebrated at Catholic hall on Cota avenue at 7:30 and 8:30 a. m. every Sunday.

Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Services will be held each morning at 8 o'clock.

TORRANCE CHRISTIAN

B. H. Lingenfelter, Pastor.
Sunday school, 9:45. Scott Ludlow, superintendent.

Morning service, 11 o'clock. Sermon subject, "Seeing It Through." Evening service, 7:30 o'clock. Sermon subject, "The Lost Christ." The church holds its services at the American Legion hall. The pastor resides at 721 Cota avenue.

COMMUNITY M. E.

Harbor City
W. L. Summers, Pastor.
Sunday school, 9:45 a. m. Geo. F. Hopkins, superintendent. Classes for all. Come and study the Book of Books.

Morning service, 11 o'clock. Subject, "What Think Ye of Christ?" Good music.

Evening service, 7:30 o'clock. Subject, "Wages." Everybody invited. Come and bring a friend. Epworth and Junior League and class meeting at 8:30. Boys and girls, get into the Junior League; young people, in the Senior. Bible study and prayer meeting Wednesday evenings, 7:30. Choir rehearsal Friday, 7:30 p. m.

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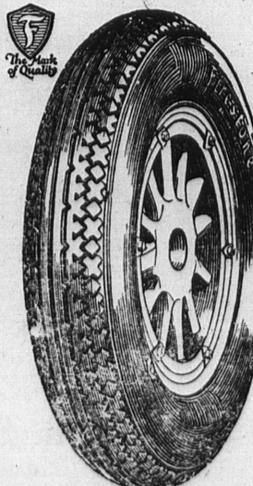
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